

INTER NOS

Vol. III

June, 1951

No. 2

CONTENTS

Editorial	SISTER M. DOLOROSA
The Ministry of Fear	VERY REV. M'GR. THOMAS J. MCCARTHY PH.D.
Thoughts	KATHLEEN O'ROURKE
Books in Running Brooks	TERRY MILLIGAN SMITH
Hymn for Corpus Christi	SISTER M. DOLOROSA
Greek Tragedy	MARILOU O'CONNOR
Rain on the Mount	MARGARET O'CONNELL KNOELL
North American Mythology	SHIRLEY RAWLEY BEAUXBEAUX
Trials of a Secretary	FRANCES TAYLOR
Carpino's Alley	FRANCES FORMANECK
Alumnae Notes	

J. M. J.

Editorial

With a sad memory still in mind, we gather thoughts for this editorial—the memory of a Requiem Mass celebrated in Blessed Sacrament Church for a true friend of our Community and of Mount Saint Mary's College. Following the Mass the earthly remains of Rev. John P. Madden S.J. were taken to rest among his brother religious, in the quiet shadows of the old Santa Clara Mission.

Stricken with a heart attack less than two weeks before the end came, he was taken to Queen of Angels Hospital, where he died on February twenty first.

For many years Father Madden has given his unselfish service to St. Mary's as Confessor, as director of the Novices and as a friend. He loved the work and regardless of the increasing number of Postulants and Novices, he never found the task too arduous, though he was handicapped and suffering from arthritis during those years.

In the earliest days of Mount Saint Mary's, he made the trip from Loyola, day after day, to provide a chaplain for the college. He was also one of our first philosophy professors, making this trip by street car after his transfer to Loyola High School.

Father's interest in his former students never waned. In response to his invitation to the annual play, he would be found in the lobby of the Wilshire Ebell, waiting to greet his old friends among the Alumnae. Other Communities can give similar witness to his zeal: well known is the story of devoted care for "the Children" of the Good Shepherd Convent, and other good works.

In his funeral address, Bishop Manning dwelt on the good accomplished by Father Madden, in a life apparently quiet and hidden, stressing his personal holiness and fidelity to his vocation of priest and religious.

May his friends continue to remember him in prayer. May he continue to remember them. May God admit him, without delay to his well earned rest.

As June is the month which marks the appearance of Vol. III, No. 2, of *Inter Nos* it is fitting that we urge our readers to increase their devotion to the Sacred Heart, asking the Prince of Peace to say to the tempests that rage over the world, "Peace, be Still!" His word alone can quell the storm. "Ask and you shall receive."

June also marks the closing of the college years of our dear class of 1951. Its members will be missed, for they were loyal, cooperative and an influence for good, both on and off the campus. We are happy to welcome them as members of our Alumnae.

SISTER M. DOLOROSA

THOUGHTS

By Kathleen O'Rourke

WINTER

*The stepmother
Of Spring
Wraps herself
In a cloak of mist
And wanders
About the world*

SPRING

*Frolicking
With the leaves,
Dangling happily
On the trees,
Phantom Wind
Whispers the secret
That . . .
Spring is here.*

The Ministry of Fear

By the Very Reverend Monsignor Thomas J. McCarthy, Ph. D.

For many Americans life's book is one long chapter of fear—a chapter that never seems to end. Each new page turned has its own harrowing anxiety—its own paralyzing dread.

You have seen them—these frightened creatures with so much to offer life in the way of their God-given talents, yet shrinking from that service because of the fear that is in them. You have seen them seek escape from that fear through drink, or drugs or even suicide. You may be prompted to ask—what is this awful ministry of fear that it should wreak so much havoc in human lives? Well like so many other things placed at our disposal, fear, in itself, is not bad. It is we who make it bad—we who give it its power to cause so much mischief.

Fear can be a very useful emotion. Indeed, if we did not possess it, we could scarcely grow to adult life. It is our fear of fire which keeps us from being burned. It is our fear of bodily injury which keeps us from jay-walking. It is our fear of poverty which keeps us hard at work to provide against the rainy day. Always, you see, fear is meant to minister to our safety, to our well-being, to our security. It certainly never was meant to kill our initiative, to destroy our confidence and to render us unfit for our life's work.

And yet everywhere we look today fear is doing precisely that. The toll it has already taken in wrecked careers and twisted personalities is enormous: and the list is mounting higher with each passing year.

Time was when only the old knew its stark proportions—when only the old felt the heavy burden which fear lays upon the mind. The young were not greatly bothered by it; or, if bothered, they did not let it conquer them. Life for the young had too many interesting challenges to offer—too many fascinating problems to solve, to let fear stand in the way.

But that is all changed now. The young have also become fear-infected. For all too many of them life is ending just when it should be beginning. They are scarcely out of school before they show a puzzling reluctance to go on. You mark it in so many of their attitudes. You detect it in so many of their responses. They are afraid. They have lost their nerve. No longer do they have sure grip upon their personality. They are at sixes and sevens with themselves. To make any important decision fills them with dread. At work they are restless, tense and unhappy; and at home they seem little better off. Their thoughts—which should be the long and wonderful thoughts of youth—are troubled and oppressive. Moody and morbid, they seem unable to catch hold of themselves and shake off their fears.

How and why fear can cause all this misery, this intense mental suffering and tremendous waste of human talent is no simple question to answer. Psychology can give us some useful leads and insights; but psychology is not enough, because it does not go to the heart of the matter. Only religion does that—and many Americans will find that fear will be robbed of much of its morbid, unreasoning power to affect their lives if they renew their faith in God's Mercy and in His Providence, because there can be found strength and hope for the future.

The past and the future. These are the troublesome areas where fears thrive. Were there nothing in our past to be afraid of—or nothing in the future to cause us unreasonable fear, we should live in the present as the happiest creatures.

But the past does rise up in many of our lives to fill us with dread. Why? Well, one reason could be our lack of honesty with ourselves. We cannot go on living a lie, you know, pledging with our lips what we have always betrayed with our hearts and not pay a heavy price for that dishonesty.

We cannot dress sin up and call it pretty names and expect that thus it ceases to be sin. The guilt is there, whether we choose to ignore or disguise the sin. Sooner or later that guilt will make its claims upon our conscience and the longer it is put off the heavier will its claims be in terms of fear and anxiety.

But the past need not haunt us. It need not become a storehouse of fear. What is there to fear if we have been honest with ourselves and honest with God? Has your past been characterized by failure, misunderstanding, bitter disappointment, or personal tragedy of one kind or another; and have you been responsible for this by your willfulness or neglect of duties?

Well then, stand up and acknowledge that. God is not so vindictive that He wishes you to cower before these fears which have risen up in the depths of your heart to claim possession of that citadel which properly belongs to Him. He will not despise a humble and contrite heart. He will be merciful and kind and forgiving. But you must have recourse to that mercy and kindness and forgiveness. You must ask for it.

No one understands better than He the frailty of human nature. No one knows better than He that we have been weak when we should have been strong; we have failed when we should have triumphed; we have disappointed others when we should have sustained their faith in us.

For you who are afraid of your past, you who have been dogged by your fears these many years, look now to God. Call on His Mercy and you will find *that* a most effective weapon against your lurking fears.

For those who fear the future, there is the Providence of God. He will not fail to support and sustain those who place their trust in Him. We need constantly to remind ourselves of this. We need, particularly, to remind those in our circle of friends or acquaintances who have a positive terror of the future with its nameless fears and its dread anxieties. Perhaps you have tried to talk to such as these. They are at their wits' end. Their eyes reflect, at times, the terror they experience. You speak to them quietly and tell them they must go on—that they mustn't be afraid—and they cry out in anguish, "I can't. I've had enough. I'm doomed to failure. I'll never get back to my former place again. I'll never be able to recapture my skill or ability."

So round and round they go in this pitiful circle which starts with their own unreasoning fear of the future and ends with their loss of confidence in themselves and in God's power to help them. Instead of walking resolutely into the future with head held high and their eyes confidently fixed upon God, they start to sidestep.

How many men and women there are today who have formed a habit of drink which is nothing more than an attempt to escape from the responsibilities which their future holds before them. Drink was not given to man for this purpose at all. It was not given to him to indulge as an escape. It were better that he never touched it if such be his only reason for drinking. The future must be met head on. You cannot approach it by side doors. And drink is a side door. Alcohol and drugs are no equipment for a traveler into the future. One thing alone is necessary, and that is a firm reliant trust in Almighty God's Providence.

If you have that, and if you work as though everything depended upon you, the future cannot contain any terror for you. Old age with the threat of insecurity—the days ahead with their seeds of failure, disappointment and more heartaches—what are these as against God's Providence. No matter what lies before us He will have a care for our needs.

If a sparrow cannot fall from the air without His being aware of it, then how much more must He be aware of each one of us who possesses an immortal soul bearing the dignity, beauty and richness of His own likeness? He never meant for us who are His dearest creatures that we should suffer that awful mental pain which afflicts so many today in America. He never meant that we should fear the future to the point where we would debase ourselves and lose our personalities in drink or drug addiction.

He has given us our life and He asks only one thing in return—that we live our lives out to the very best of our ability, that we do not whine, that we do not complain. If He has placed upon us a much heavier burden than He has upon others, if He has tested our Faith or our Hope or our Love more than He has others, then

let us remember that He has also given us the strength to bear that extra testing. He has made our shoulders strong enough for the burden.

Why then should we fear the future? It is before us. It is in God's hands and therefore in good hands. And is not He a provident Father, One Who will look after us? Do we not pray—

"O Lord our God: Under the shadow of Thy Wings let us hope. Thou wilt support us, both when little, and even to gray hairs. When our strength is of Thee, it is strength—but when our own, it is feebleness. We return unto Thee, O Lord, that from their weariness our souls may towards Thee, rise, leaning on the things Thou hast created and passing on to Thyself, Who wonderfully hast made them. With Thee is refreshment—refreshment and true strength;"

And to all today who stand in need of God's Mercy, may He come now and bring peace and rest from all fear and to everyone of us who are in His provident care—

"May He support us all the day long, till the shades lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed and the fever of life is over and our work is done. Then in His Mercy may He give us a safe lodging and a holy rest and peace at the last."

HYMN FOR CORPUS CHRISTI

By Sister M. Dolorosa

*Jesus great God eternal with the Father
And with the Spirit blest, a wondrous Trinity
Jesus sweet Son of spotless Virgin Mother
Hidden in form of Bread Thou comest unto me.*

*Come unto me though Lord I am not worthy
Speak but a word and Thou wilt make me whole.
Come unto me with love my heart is yearning
Come unto me, O Saviour of my soul.*

*Show me Thy Heart with sin and sword thrust riven
Teach me to know that I may love Thee more.
Help me to love that much may be forgiven
Come unto me, my God, as kneeling I adore.*

Books in Running Brooks

By Terry Milligan Smith, an Alumna

A Phi Beta Kappa, First Prize Essay

I

I come from up Michigan Way where the trees are tall as they stand on the edge of Huron; where the freighters pick slow foamy trails up the Detroit River to the Great Lakes beyond; where the apples are winesharp to make good cider. These are the memories that have shaped me, these memories of people, and ships, rivers, and cities, smells, and sounds recalling to my mind with piercing nostalgic pleasure, dreams fulfilled and unfulfilled.

To have grown up in Kansas might be to remember long brown ribbon furrows of earth laid bare by plowing; and Arizona might recall warm sand and cold stars, but Michigan brings to me the smell of moist spring earth, and lilacs opening purple pyramids of fragrance. Strange that I should remember fragile illusionary things when, in truth, I am a city girl. For, although I was born in Detroit with its bristling factories and omni-present soot, I remember too the flat country around Kalamazoo where they grow plump green celery. And, although I have often watched the river as it laps gently around the crumbling wharves of Detroit cluttered with garbage, I can also remember that river as it sings against the banks of Canada, pure for good swimming. Industry has laid a heavy hand on nature's back but never so heavy that she cannot lift her face and let a child look deep into limpid lake eyes.

Of all the States in the Union, I believe that Michigan has the oddest shape. Slashed by lakes into a wide-wristed peninsula, it resembles for me nothing more than a clenched fist in a mitten; a red mitten damp and covered with snow in the winter, as a child's is after making a snow man.

The winter is born fiercely up North, shooting coppery tongues of fire from the trees, and blasting white dynamite as it advances to die like a soldier with boots still on. Uptown, in a little park over-looking the river I played cat-in-the-corner to keep my legs warm. The snow came in drifting feathers, reddening my cheeks into strawberry patches and poking cold fingers into my wool mittens until I wrestled and flattened it to the earth under the runners of my varnished sled. At the edges of the river, if I stopped in my play, I could see crystal slivers forming cobweb thin patterns to break and shift and spin again, trying with frail strength to stretch from bank to bank of the Detroit River.

The River lies like a slender bottle neck, a fine blown strand of glass, connecting Lake St. Clair and Lake Erie in an hour glass, and ships run as grains of sand, going and returning. When winter

breathes an icy frosting across the still water, lean boats with steel-sharp prows nose out to shear the groaning reluctant ice and clear the way for tireless freighters that sail spring, summer, and fall carrying precious loads of ore, timber, and gravel up the narrow channel. They have grown old in harness sailing the blue waters of the inland seas; they have seen the Lake bare angry, white teeth and they have sailed above the still graves of their sister ships.

Freighters are work horses carrying mighty burdens on their sagging backs. Often they drag plows behind them churning the water into white tipped furrows, tow barge plows that follow meekly, loaded with shingles and pungent barked cedar. The time was when they sailed proudly, flaunting bellying canvas to inquisitive winds but steam and oil have broken their spirit and now they are led riderless in tethered anguish. White stallions are the passenger liners heading up the river to Duluth, burnished and brushed to shining glory, tossing proud heads at the sleek yachts of Ford and Dodge gamboling like colts in the safe corral of the harbor breakwater. The tugs are annoying black horseflies buzzing in shrill chorus, while they pull ten times their weight with graceless ease. And the old Detroit River ferries are mules, balky, solid workers with twenty or thirty cars strapped to their patient backs.

Although ships are familiar sights through the day, at night they have the mystery of all lovely women—long lithe lines cutting the water, slipping silhouettes against the harbor lights, husky voices that bring a catch to the throat. But when fog erases their small world I know that there is danger. Smothering murky danger that makes ships speak to each other cautiously in touchy muffled voices and keeps the light house bell a mad thing in its lonely tower. The freighters growl deep throated warnings, "red to red, green to green. Keep your distance."

There is another sound of the river that means more than danger. It means death. I heard it but three times and each time it caught at the back of my spine and climbed the bony ladder to my brain. It is the moaning of the boat that drags the river with outstretched steel hooks at its sides to recover the bodies of the drowned. Perhaps a suicide, or maybe an unwary swimmer, sometimes an overturned rowboat ending in tragedy; people that chose to die and people that fought death; unknown, unnamed people whose fate was told in the awesome cry of the death ship. People who were far removed from me but who touched my being through the common link of death, and filled me with shadowy fears.

II

But deep thoughts of death cannot be constant with a child and, in my case, the long, long thoughts of youth turned to vacation months stretching like three green oases in the brown desert of school. Vacation meant Canada and relief from Detroit, a city of

fire in the summer. There were three ways to cross to Canada. The suspension bridge that undulates across the river in angry, cat's back cable arches, the Detroit to Canada tunnel, burrowing deep like a monstrous sea serpent, and the ferry, paddling a middle course between the sky and the river bed. Of the three ways, I much preferred the ferry. Probably because we always had to wait for it to dock and this entailed the purchase of a box of Cracker Jack from a little stand on the wharve. The proprietor was unfailingly amiable during the five minute process of making up my mind. Cracker Jack I could not resist because of the prize that was enclosed as an added attraction. That prize always weighted the scale and I managed to gather a collection of blue tin rings and silvered animals of questionable origin. On board the ferry I made passage ways a labyrinth to be explored. I leaned over rails to launch a pink gum paper boat and watch it swirl away into heavy sea and capsize.

The tunnel and the bridge both stretch their long arms into Windsor—a booming little city where Canadian custom officers inspect each car that enters. Up the coast is Walkerville, and a few miles above that our summer home nested. Walkerville sends out the pungent not unpleasant odor of the breweries. During Prohibition rum-runners ran liquor across the narrow river, loading boldly in Canada, and unloading stealthily in the States. But the wharves of Walkerville are no longer considered a menace and the town has lapsed into the sleepy charm and the utter provincialism that distinguished it happily from the big city.

Queen Anne's Lace, fragile and perfect in pattern as a snow flake one thousand times enlarged, I picked as I ambled through the fields. I picked it as I would an orchid because it was strange and outside my ken. It shot a regal umbrella over the flowers and weeds of my bouquets. The sweet clover, curled petals pink and clenched in bee stung pain, wild oats like dropping tears, spears of coarse grass, tall militant soldiers that made the cultivated grass seem but foreign mercenaries, Hollyhocks spreading pink petticoats on stiff vertical clotheslines.

I lay full length in tall weeds and let the crushed green fragrance and the warm sun soak into me until it was an effort even to brush away an industrious ant climbing the mountain of my arm, or to turn on my stomach and watch roly bugs and ants hustling about their metropolis of slim green skyscrapers. Distance blunted the cry of a locomotive; the sound was pleasant in the lazy afternoon but across the still night that deep piercing cry came to me as loneliness, disturbing to my heart.

Along the creeks that lace fingers with the river, there was room enough for a canoe to slide through the green, moss-topped water with the silver dip of the paddle the only movement. My brother had a smooth powerful stroke and it was joy to watch that rhythm as

I sat gingerly in the prow propped against orange oilcloth cushions. The shifted paddle dripped water down its shining length that plopped on my bare legs, cool as rain. One of my hands dabbling over the side built a small wall against the rush of water and when withdrawn let drops of mermaid's tears sprinkle patches of water lilies, floating dark green biers that sheltered the pink and white beauty of a Lady of Shalott.

Then there were the soft plushy summer nights and the light patter of unexpected rain with heat lightening cracking a heavy blue whip in the sky at dark elephant and crouching black leopard clouds, while nature's fiddlers, the crickets, sawed away in a cheery monotonous solo under the drooping willows.

From my window, in the evenings, I could see the river shine, as the moon maid burnished it with silver polish. Ships drifted out of the darkness into that silvery strip and then slipped back. One ship asked nothing from the moon but cast its own reflection in the water. From stem to stern she blazed with lights, strung in crescent loops around her decks. The music of an orchestra on board wafted in tantalizing irregularity to the shore. I loved this excursion boat to Tashmo. Passionately I wanted to visit the little island, ride the Ferris wheel that I might touch the stars, and dance to soft music in the round white casino. Not in vain had they advertised the gay island of play. On every street car that I rode, on the side of every bus that passed, there was a poster depicting its pleasures with the words "Where troubles burst like bubbles." My troubles never had a chance to burst for I never went. Mother said I was too young.

After passing of the boat, sleep came quickly. I never could catch it although I often tried. Sleep's end meant the dawn and another golden day to squander. Rich days to miser in my mind and to spend greedily. As I moved with the morning to meet the river, the stubbled grass was prickly and cold with dew under my bare feet. The sun laid only finger tips on my skin with the promise of a heavy hand.

Often I fished from atop the shorn heads of the piles that were embedded, a scissors, split away from our boathouse. Piles have the solidity and substance of telegraph poles but they have been driven into the river bed and lashed together in groups of threes until they sprout uneven heads four feet above the water line. Their purpose is to keep the ice in the winter from spreading a treacherous net around our boathouse and cracking it free from its moorings. In the summer they made wonderful seats for a lazy fishergirl and unyielding but welcome diving boards. There, in the long hours, the sun reached full strength filling the water about me with uncut diamonds which flashed a brilliance so strong that I could still see the rainbow of color against the blackness of my lids, if I closed my eyes. Jade tassels of fungus had grown in a

necklace of Neptune under the water line of my wooden pedestal and the emerald pendants rose and fell gently on the river's breast.

In the late afternoon when the trees had taken shadows, I walked down the cracked sidewalks to the Drug Store, teetering along the center crack, my feet playing single file until two sidewalk sections before me raised themselves into a humped back and upset my balance. The Drug Store had ruby filled cut glass jars in the window, surrounded by crepe paper hanging fretfully, aware of its age. On the hard-worn wood counter, twisted licorice sticks behind glass containers like small imprisoned black snakes, and in a companion jar there were round striped peppermints. It was always cool inside, with the reassuring odor of sodas, iodine, candy, age, ice cream, and prescription scents. My most frequent purchase was smooth, sweet butterscotch. This came in a rectangular plain cardboard box with an oval insert of Robert Burns beaming over an immaculate stock. I thought him so handsome that I saved the boxes.

Inland lay the railroad tracks and by detouring through fields I could reach them quickly before returning home. The narrow beaten brown trails trickled between the rustling field weeds as if Moses had lifted his hand and commanded the green water to part. I scuffled the beige dust as I walked until it lay in a thin film on the air and settled once more to obscurity in my wake. At the edge of the tracks stood a little red-roofed waiting station, a tiny open faced building with a green bench inside. It was usually by itself when I arrived in the late afternoon, and the bench held my interest for it was carved with wobbly hearts pierced by arrows, vague loops, and curliques joining telltale initials. The damp mouldy walls were webbed with penciled initials, a story in each one. Who was B. M. and did he really love A. M. as much as the carved heart would make me think?

I lay in wait for the trains because I liked to wave at the engineer as he leaned from his cab window. He usually waved back and this gave me the gratifying feeling of being a sort of Florence Nightingale of the railroad tracks administering comfort to a lonely man. Freight train engineers responded more readily to my ministrations but I preferred to watch passenger trains go by. I could see relaxed heads on snowy pillows and the spotless jackets of dark porters bustling behind the Pullman windows.

I watched every car pass with a click the spot where I was standing; I watched until the observation car grew smaller and smaller down the track and dwindled to nothing. I cannot say exactly what day I boarded the train. I do know that one day I stood on the observation platform and watched a short figure standing under the eaves of a red roofed waiting station. With each click that figure grew smaller—and smaller—and smaller.

The Greek Tragedians

By Marilou O'Connor

According to Aristotle tragedy arose out of the dithyramb—a hymn in praise of Dionysus the popular god of wine and giver of physical joy and excitement. His feasts were celebrated at a time when the grapes were in season. Rustic singers, say critics, gathered around a wood altar to sing a hymn in the god's life; the next step was the enacting of a tale about the god's life. Probably there was some sort of a contest in which the power of fertility was killed (to rise again with the new crop). The chorus quite possibly wore goat skins as a disguise; some critics suggest that this particular disguise was chosen because of the mythical lustiness and fertility of the he-goat. At any rate, the literal meaning of tragedy is "goat-song."

Greek tragedy follows a definite order. The prologue (*prologos*) begins the play and is recited by some individual to set the subject and the situation, before the chorus enters. A song (*parodos*) accompanies the entrance of the chorus. Episodes (*epeisodia*) are the base of the play, divided by songs of the chorus (*stasima*) to show the thoughts or feelings evoked by the action. The final scene (*exodos*) comes after the last of the choral songs.

Of such dramatists as Choirelos and his contemporaries, history tells only the names. Greek drama for all practical purposes begins in 525 B.C. with Aeschylus. Legend says that Dionysus appeared to Aeschylus during his childhood and commanded him to write plays. Of the seventy which he did write, fifteen won prizes at the festivals, and only seven have come down to us. He was a popular poet, in Athens, but finally left for supposedly political reasons. Legend says he was killed in 456 B.C. when an eagle let fall a tortoise on his head, mistaking his bald spot for a rock. The great contribution of Aeschylus to drama is his introduction of a second actor making it possible for the two to carry on the action to the end. The office of the chorus then was to counsel, encourage or comment.

Some years later in 495 Sophocles was born in Athens, into a family of some social consequence. He was graceful and aspired to acting but his voice was not powerful enough to make him successful in this, so he turned to writing tragedies. Of his 125 plays 24 won first prizes. During the ninety years of his life he was a favorite of the Greeks and when he died a fellow poet wrote of him, "He has died well, having suffered no evil." His plays add a third actor to tragedy and increase the chorus from twelve to fifteen men. The best feature of his seven extant plays, according to critics, is his character analysis.

Euripedes, 480-406 B.C., was the last of the great Attic tragedians.

He lived during the fading of Athens' glory and much of his work is tempered by cynicism. As a person he was morose, cynical and a recluse, says tradition, and consequently not popular. Only five of his ninety plays won prizes, which is not surprising considering his antipathy to the old gods and the old theology. Three elements of his work are worthy of attention. First, the choral odes, contrary to the practices of the other two poets, were not a part of the drama but a freer commentary. His long and undramatic prologues were employed because he could not leave them out. Lastly, his energy is often spent on rhetorical fireworks rather than on the dramatic element of the scene.

In the fifty years from 484 B. C. when Aeschylus first gained the prize to 468 when Sophocles earned it and then till 442 when Euripedes acquired it, Greek drama developed into a complete and beautiful work of art. The thirty-one tragedies which exist today are but a small fraction of the vast literature written then. Others, probably as great as those extant, were written but history does not even list their names.

THE OEDIPUS LEGEND

All three of the tragedians wrote a play or more around the Theban legend of Oedipus. The tale in brief tells of Oedipus who unknowingly marries his mother, and resulting tribulations.

Laius, king of Thebes, was warned by an oracle of Apollo that if he had a son, ruin would fall upon himself and his kingdom. Laius ignored the warning and he and his wife, Jocasta, had a son and the curse began. Laius determines, too late, to heed the warning and the parents place the baby upon a hillside to die from exposure. However, a shepherd finds the child and takes him to his home. When he reaches manhood he unwittingly kills his father, Laius, and marries Jocasta, his mother. Four children—Polyneices, Eteocles, Ismene, and Antigone—are born of this illicit union. The truth is known at last, and Jocasta hangs herself in shame and horror. Oedipus blinds himself and gives up the throne of Thebes. His two sons, who are to share the rule, mistreat their father who curses them—they will die by each other's hands. Eteocles, the elder brother, takes his turn at the throne, but refuses to resign in favor of Polyneices at the expiration of his time, and even exiles his brother from Thebes. At this point Aeschylus begins his play, "Seven Against Thebes." Polyneices, with the aid of a host of men from Argos, besieges the city. The chorus, composed of maidens of Thebes, is terrified but Eteocles rebukes them. A spy returns to Eteocles and reports that seven warriors are assigned to batter the seven gates of Thebes; Eteocles assigns Thebans to defend each gate. He determines to fight against Polyneices himself as "ruler, against one fain to snatch the rule, brother with brother matches, and foe with foe." Ignoring the curse of Oedipus, Eteocles carries out

his plan. After the war, the spy returns and tells of a Theban victory but "at the seventh, the god that on the seventh day was born, Royal Apollo, hath taken up his rest to break upon the sons of Oedipus their grandsire's willfulness of long ago:" the brothers are dead, slain by each other. The chorus mourns their fate: "from one blood they sprang, and in one blood they lie!" A herald enters proclaiming that Eteocles shall be buried with honor but Polyneices shall be left for the dogs to rend. Antigone defends her brother Polyneices saying, "He answered wrong for wrong," and determines to bury him.

Sophocles' treatment of the legend is fuller and is the subject of three plays. The first of these, "Oedipus the King," is a masterpiece in structure and style. The tragedy opens in Thebes which lies under a pestilence. Oedipus the king sends to an oracle for the cause and is told that prosperity will come only with the exile or death of the murderer of Laius, the late king. Tiresias, a famous seer, is called and accuses Oedipus of the crime, and of the further sin of marrying Jocasta. All are amazed, for Oedipus is king, wise and good, and just. Enraged at this accusation, Oedipus denies all and answers that he delivered Thebes from the terrible Sphinx and won Jocasta's hand as his reward; he angrily shouts that Creon, brother of Jocasta, has spread this rumor to become ruler himself. Creon denies this, and Jocasta is the peacemaker, saying that all prophecies do not come true; witness, she continues, the prophecy that Laius would die by his son's hand, when in truth he died at the hand of a robber and his only son was left to perish on a hillside. At these words Oedipus begins to tremble, realizing that he was the "robber" who slew Laius, and recalling a prophecy that he should slay his father and marry his mother; to avert such a calamity he left his home. A messenger arrives with news of the death of Polybus, whom Oedipus believes to be his father. He learns, however, that Polybus found him on a hillside and adopted him. Jocasta stares for a moment, then rushes, screaming, from the room. Oedipus searches for an old shepherd who tells him the truth—Laius was his father, Jocasta his mother, the name "Oedipus" means "swollen feet" and he was so-called from the way his feet were swollen when he was found pierced with thongs—the dire prophecy is fulfilled! In a frenzy, Oedipus goes to find Jocasta, only to discover her dead. Maddened, Oedipus blinds himself with pins from her garments—her whom he should have loved as mother, but whom he loves as wife. Creon, heir now to the throne of Thebes, pities his grief and asks the oracle if he may remain. Oedipus begs Creon to care for his daughters, Antigone and Ismene, till they marry.

The "Oedipus at Colonus" takes up the tale and relates the last hours and death of Oedipus, who has been sent away from Thebes. Antigone has accompanied her blind father to care for him. The two are resting at the spot in Athens sacred to the Eumenides. King Theseus, a man "noble, if one may judge by

... looks, leaving ... fortune aside," has been sent for. While they wait, Oedipus hesitantly relates his sorrows at the insistence of the people. He offers gifts to the gods and wins a pardon. King Theseus arrives and promises protection to Oedipus. Obeying this promise he rescues Oedipus and Antigone from Creon who wants to force them to return to Thebes. Later called by the voice of one unseen Oedipus passes from this world and only Theseus may know the spot where his body is buried. His daughters mourn deeply for their father, especially Antigone who weeps, "... care past can seem lost joy! For that which was no way sweet had sweetness, while therewithin I held *him* in mine embrace." In her grief Antigone begs Ismene to kill her and bury her where her father lies buried but Theseus refuses to divulge the secret, saying that he has been warned his kingdom will be safe only so long as the secret is safe. He offers any other aid to Antigone. She asks that he send her and Ismene to Thebes where they will attempt to avert the impending war between their brothers. Theseus agrees and they prepare to leave.

"Antigone" is the last chapter by Sophocles in this story. The two sons of Oedipus, Polyneices and Eteocles, have slain each other in single combat. Creon, now king of Thebes, has decreed that Eteocles shall be buried with all honors because of his loyalty to Thebes, but Polyneices shall be left unburied. Antigone determines to bury Polyneices regardless of decrees and of the fact that Ismene refuses to help. The first night Antigone is successful in sprinkling dust over Polyneices' body and solemnizing the rites of burial. The second time, however, she is captured and brought before Creon. Her defense for disobeying Creon's decree is thus: "Because it was not Zeus who ordered it, nor Justice, dweller with the Nether Gods, gave such a law to men; nor did I deem your ordinance of so much binding force, as that a mortal man could overbear the unchangeable unwritten code of Heaven; this is not of today and yesterday, but lives for ever, having origin whence no man knows: whose sanctions I were loath in Heaven's sight to provoke, fearing the will of any man." Creon, infuriated, sentences her to death. Ismene pleads for mercy on the ground that Antigone is to be married to Haemon, son of Creon. Haemon also begs his father to let Antigone live but all Creon replies is "Obedience is due to the state's officers in small and great, just and unjust commandments." Antigone is removed to a cave in the hill, given only a little food and water, and sealed in to die; this manner of death "removes" the offender yet saves the city from the blood curse. Tiresias, the seer, warns Creon that such self-will is wrecking the state and prophecies plagues as a punishment for the act. Creon finally agrees to release Antigone and allow Polyneices to be buried. On reaching the cave, they find Antigone has hung herself; Haemon attempts to stab Creon, then stabs himself, cursing his father as he dies, with Antigone's body in his arms. Creon, too late, realizes he was at

fault, only to learn that his wife, Eurydice has killed herself on hearing of her son's suicide. Grief-stricken Creon cries out, "There is no respite to mortals from the ills of destiny."

Euripides wrote "The Phoenissae" which deals with the war levied against Thebes by the Argives, in support of the claim of Polyneices to the throne, against that of his brother Eteocles. The chorus consists of Phoenician Maidens brought from Tyre to serve in the temple of Apollo at Delphi, and detained at Thebes by the outbreak of the war. Euripides varies from the accepted legend and begins his play with the now aged and blind Oedipus and the old Jocasta still alive. Polyneices enters the city under truce to see his mother, Jocasta. Moved by maternal love she arranges a meeting between Polyneices and his brother Eteocles, a greedy ambitious man, in an unsuccessful attempt to reconcile the two and avert the impending war. Polyneices feels that he is being driven to crime against his will by the injustice he has suffered at the hands of Eteocles. After the meeting Eteocles prepares to defend Thebes. He gives last minute instructions to his men. To Creon he gives the responsibility of caring for Jocasta and having Antigone and Haemon married. He also orders Creon to refuse burial to Polyneices' body and put to death anyone who gives it burial. Teresias warns that the curse of Oedipus would result in the death of both brothers and tells Creon that only one thing will save Thebes—the sacrifice of Creon's son, Menoeceus. Menoeceus feigns flight at Creon's advice, but bravely returns to die for his city. The two brothers fight a single duel, meanwhile, and both are killed. Jocasta hears of the deaths and dies. Antigone tells her blind father of the death of his family and tries to comfort him. Creon, the new ruler, banishes Oedipus and orders Antigone to cease mourning and prepare to marry Haemon according to Eteocles' orders. Because he refuses her request to bury Polyneices, she refuses to marry Haemon and goes into exile with Oedipus. The two turn towards Colonus, where Oedipus, according to the prophecy, will die.

The plays of Aeschylus are definitive, a unified whole: each play consists of a single situation with a small amount of action. This does not result in monotony as might be expected, because the interest rises till the climax of the action. The characters are not drawn in detail, but in outline. His figures are awe-inspiring in their terribleness or pitifulness. Even their silence is used to good effect. In "Agamemnon" Klytemnestra taunts the beautiful slave, Cassandra, daughter of Priam, who simply stands, in all her queenly dignity and a silence more eloquent than any words she could speak.

The plays of Aeschylus, and probably his life, are motivated by a law of righteousness, a power above even the gods, that decrees no offence against righteousness will go unpunished. "Did not a Fate, from of old established supreme, restrain even Gods, that

they cannot mould always the doom they ordain . . . ?" A man grows rich—and arrogant. The gods become jealous of him. He sins; the gods blind his heart. He goes from sin to sin till his measure is full. The gods strike and the sinner is no more. A curse descends from generation to generation till Necessity at last teaches that sin entails suffering. Thus Aeschylus is concerned with the sources and the workings of divine law and fate. A dark fatalism is characteristic of all his plays.

Sophocles, on the other hand, is interested in man—his life, his passions, his actions. There is no doubt in his plays as to why one character kills another. In Aeschylus' work, Klytemnestra kills Agamemnon because of "destiny," but Sophocles' Ajax commits suicide because of a human emotion. True, Sophocles is fatalistic but his fatalism consists in the circumstances which lead to the fate. For example, Oedipus is warned by the gods that he will kill his father and marry his mother; the fact that he does kill his father is cruel fate, but not fate in the form that Aeschylus presents it. Klytemnestra kills because it is her destiny, and no two critics agree as to her motive; Oedipus kills because he thinks the man is a robber. The prophecy is fulfilled in both cases but the motive is different. Where Aeschylus shows heroic forms fulfilling the terrible doom appointed them by awful powers, Sophocles delineates the primary emotions of the human character. The solution to the action is found in its nature not primarily in Necessity or the gods. Sophocles presents the devoted self-sacrificing Antigone, the horrified Oedipus, the shamed Jocasta. He even pauses in the play to comfort a sorrowing human: "Your sire, Electra, was a mortal man; so was Orestes; wherefore do not grieve beyond all bounds; we all owe Heaven a death." His appreciation and description of his own home shows even more interest in humanity. In one of his great tragedies he makes the wary Oedipus find rest at Colonus—the home of Sophocles—where nightingales haunt the green glades, where narcissus and golden crocus bloom, where the springs of clear water never fail. Sophocles has been called a poet of his own times and people, and was honored by the Athenians after his death with yearly sacrifice.

Euripides has been the most generally popular of the three; his down-to-earthness, his pathos, and his exciting plots bring him nearer to everyday life. His style is polished and his single situations are artistic, but the whole lacks the completeness, that drama had under Sophocles. Euripides introduces the prologue, which is generally spoken by one of the characters of the play, and includes the background and even at times the sketch of the plot. The second introduction was the "deus ex machina"—"the god from a machine"—a deity brought in suddenly to unravel the plot. In this manner he solves the action according to the legendary ending, without sacrificing his own interpolated incidents. He is a master of emotions such as love and madness, and though his work lacks the

purity of his predecessor he holds a fascination for modern readers, by his simplicity and his fast moving plot. He sees and appeals to the weakness in human nature. " 'Tis said that gifts tempt even gods; and o'er men's minds gold holds more potent sway than countless words."

Euripedes was the last of the known great Greek tragedians. After them, Greek tragedy began to disintegrate; philosophy and learning replaced creative power and technical knowledge. Attention was paid to detail and work became finer but feebler, and a new age began. "When genius ceases, ingenuity begins."

RAIN ON THE MOUNT

By Lois O'Connell Knoell, an Alumna

*God lifts his baton above the earth,
And rain sends down a lonesome melody;
The drops glide musically across
The verdant keyboard of the hill,
And rain with delicate hand strings
Its humming tones on eucalyptus branches;
With low, bass notes water flings itself
On drum-like faces of the buildings
To slide and fall to the moist ground
With ringing cymbal beat.
It is God's symphony on earth
Played by his most talented musician—rain.*

North American Mythology

By Shirley Rawley Beauxbeaux

The following article springs from thoughts culled and quotations taken from NORTH-AMERICAN INDIAN MYTHOLOGY, by Hartley Burr Alexander, Ph.D. This work is one of a series, called THE MYTHOLOGY OF ALL RACES, a set consisting of thirteen volumes, of which Dr. Alexander's is the tenth. We hope that the readers of INTER NOS, will enjoy it as we did.

Mythology in the classic acceptation can hardly be said to exist in North America; but in quite another sense, i.e., belief in more or less clearly personified nature-powers and the possession of stories narrating the deeds and adventures of these powers, America has its Indian folklore. The Indians own, not one but many mythologies, for every tribe and often clans and societies within a tribe, have their individual mystic lore. However, there are fundamental similarities and uniformities that afford a basis for a kind of critical reconstruction of North American Indian Mythology. No single tribe or group of tribes has completely expressed this mythology, but from a study of the myths of all tribes one becomes extremely conscious of a coherent system of myths which the Indians themselves would have recognized if they had not become confused by "Old-World" ideas.

One of the interesting things in Indian Mythology is, unlike the old world, there is no connection between their Religion and Mythology. The most significant of their Religious rites is the Calumet Ceremony, in which a smoke-offering is made to the sky, the earth, and rulers of the earth's quarters, constituting a kind of ritualistic deignition of the Indians' cosmos. Almost of equal importance is the rite of a Sweat-bath, which is not merely a means of healing disease, but a prayer for strength and purification addressed to the elements—earth, fire, water, air, in which reside the lifegiving power of the universe. Next to these two come fasting and vigil, for the purpose of inducing visions to direct the way of life; for among the Indian's deepest convictions is his belief that the whole environment of physical life is one of strength-imbibing powers only thinly veiled from sight and touch. Shamanistic or mediumistic rites, resting upon belief in the power of unseen beings to possess and inspire the mortal body, form a fourth group of ceremonies. A fifth is composed of the great communal rituals, commonly called "dances" by white men. These are usually a form of dramatic prayers—combinations of sacrifice, song, and symbolic personation, addressed to the great nature-powers, to sun and earth, to the rain-bringers, and to the givers of food and game. A final group is formed of rites in honor of the dead or of ancestral tutelaries, ceremonies usually annual and varying in purpose from solicitude for the welfare of the departed, to desire for their assistance and propitiation of their possible ill will.

These rituals present the essential beings of the Indians' pagan religion. There is the Great Spirit, represented by "Father Sky" or by the sky's great incarnation, the Sun Father. There are Mother Earth and her Daughter, the Corn Mother. There are the intermediaries between the powers below and those above, including the birds, the great mystic Thunder Bird, the winds, the clouds and the celestial bodies. There are the Elders, or guardians, of the animal kinds, who replenish the earth with game, and come as helpers to the huntsman; and there are vast congeries of potentials, belonging both to the seen and to the unseen world, whose help may be won in the form of "medicine" by the man who knows the usages of nature.

Inevitably these powers find a fluctuating representation in the varying imagery of myths. Consistence is not demanded, for the Indians' mode of thought is too deeply symbolic for him to regard his own stories as literal. They are neither allegory nor history; they are myths with a midway truth. The stories of the Indians, for the most part, were told purely for enjoyment and entertainment. They represent the art of fiction, and in them are found fiction, satire, humor, romance, and adventure. Some are moral allegories, or fables with obvious lessons, such as found in "The Theft of Fire." Some were written to satisfy a universal human curiosity about the causes of things. These may be referred to as science in infancy, but they are true myths, fanciful explanations of origins and of animal traits. There are aeteological myths, which are semi-historical, as they tell of the inauguration of new ways of life, as the conquest of fire, or the introduction of maize by mythical Wisemen.

The sources of these conceptions are extremely important in their effects; in their several habitats, the analogies of human nature stand out, physiologically and psychically, whether imaginary in source or borrowed. From the forests of the East to the arid Southwest, the same tale, though with many overlappings or general conformities, intrudes the character of the region into the myth.

The Indians' source material was found in Nature, with its varied conceptions and in human nature, using the body, phyically as a symbol, rather than a reality.

Imagination is an important factor in an appreciation and an esthetical interest in the myths. Each tribe had its own conceptions which to us, may at times seem crude or vulgar, unless we view them from the Indian environmental culture.

"Borrowing," found in the myths is most difficult to explain; it is a riddle. In the vast territory covered by North American Mythology, many tribes did not know the existence of far off brothers and there was, on the whole, little or no communication between them, yet many tales are basically the same. For this fact no convincing explanation can be offered.

On the side of Cosmology, the scheme has already been indicated. There is a world above, the home of the Sky Father and of the Celestial powers; there is a world below, the embodiment of the Earth Mother and the genii of its quarters; and there is the abode of the dead. There was a pre-existent sky-world, peopled with the images of the beings of an earth world yet to come into being, or else, of a kind of a "cosmic bomb" from which the first people were to have their origin. In the former legend action begins with the descent of a heaven-born titaness; in the latter, the first act portrays the ascent of the ancestral beings from the place of generation. After the action begins, the next event is the deed of a hero or twin heroes who are the shapers and law givers of the habitable earth. They conquer primitive monsters and set in order the furniture of creation; quite generally one of them is slain, and passes on to the underworld to become its Plutonian Lord. *The Theft of Fire, The Origin of Death, The Liberation of Animals, The Giving of the Arts, The Giving of the Rites* are all themes that recur, again and again, and in forms that show surprisingly small variation.

Universal, also, is the cataclysmic destruction of the earth by flood, or fire and flood, leaving a few good survivors to repopulate and restore the land. Usually this event marks the close of a First, or Antediluvian Age, in which the people were either animals or forms only abortively human. After the flood the animals are transformed, once and for all, into the beings they now are, while the new race of men is created. I was amazed to find in many tribes the tale of the confusion of tongues and displacement of nations, bringing to a close the cosmogonic period, and leading into that of a legendary approach to history.

Such, in broad outline, is the chart of the Indians' cosmic perspective. The following are a group of tales of American Indian Lore, which I selected as most interesting. I have chosen one or two from each of the tribes in the different sections of the North American Continent.

THE ESKIMOS

The Eskimos have a sea goddess comparable to the southern Indians' "Mother of Wild Life" but cruel and capricious as the sea. The story of their chief deity tells that once Nerrick was a mortal woman. A petrel wooed her with entrancing song and carried her to his home beyond the sea. Too late, she found that he had deceived her. When her relatives tried to rescue her, the bird raised such a storm that they cast her into the sea to save themselves. She attempted to cling to the boat, but they cut off her hand, and as she sank to the bottom, her severed fingers were turned into whales and seals. Nerrick dwells in her home in the depths of the sea, trimming her lamps guarded by a terrible dog, and ruling over the animal life of the deep. When the men catch

no food, Angukut go down to her and force or persuade her to release food animals.

Forest Tribes

THE IROQUOIS

The Iroquois knew the poetry of the stars. It is odd to find them telling the story of the celestial bear, precisely as it is told by the Eskimo of northern Greenland: how a group of hunters, with their faithful dog, led onward by the excitement of the chase, pursued the great beast high into the heavens, which there became fixed as the polar constellation (Ursa Major). In the story of the hunter and the Sky Elk the sentiment of love mingles with the passion of the chase. Sosondowah, "Great Night", the hunter, pursued the Sky Elk, which had wandered down to Earth, far up into the heaven which is above the heaven of the Sun. There Dawn made him her captive, and set him as watchman before the door of her lodge. Looking down, he beheld and loved a mortal maiden; in summer he wooed her under the resemblance of a blackbird; in the spring he descended to her under the form of a bluebird; in the autumn, once in the guise of a giant nighthawk, he bore her to the skies. But Dawn, angered at his delay, bound him before her door, and transforming the maiden into a star set her above his forehead, where he must long for her throughout all time, without attaining her. The name of the star-maiden, which is the Morning Star, is Gendenwitha, "It Brings the Day". The Pleiades are called the Dancing Stars. They were a group of brothers who were awakened in the night by singing voices, to which they began to dance. As they danced, the voices receded, and they, followed and were led, little by little, into the sky, where the pitying moon transformed them into a group of fixed stars, and bade them dance for ten days each year over the Red Man's council-house; that being the season of his New Year. One of the dancing brothers, however, hearing the lamentation of his mother, looked back; and immediately he fell with such force that he was buried in the earth. For a year the mother mourned over his grave, when there appeared from it a tiny sprout, which grew into a heaven-aspiring tree; and so was born the pine, tallest of trees, the guide of the forest, the watcher of the skies.

THE ALGONQUIN

The stone giants belong to a wide-spread group of mythical beings, of which the Eskimo Tornit are examples. They are powerful magicians, huge in stature, unacquainted with the bow, and employing stones for weapons. In awesome combats they fight one another, uprooting the tallest trees for weapons and rending the earth in their fury. Occasionally, they are tamed by men and, as they are mighty hunters, they become useful friends. Commonly they are depicted as cannibals; and it may well be that this far remembered mythical people are reminiscent of backward tribes,

unacquainted with the bow, and long since destroyed by the Indians of historic times.

They say that there is one named Messou, who restored the world when it was lost in the waters. This Messou, used to hunt with lynxes which he called his brothers, in a certain nearby lake. One day as he was hunting an elk, his lynxes gave chase even into the lake; and when they reached the middle of it, they were submerged. When he arrived there and sought his brothers everywhere, a bird told him that it had seen them at the bottom of the lake, and that certain animals or monsters held them there.

Immediately the lake overflowed, and increased so prodigiously that it inundated the whole earth. Then Messou, very much astonished, gave up all thought of his lynxes, to meditate on creating the world anew. He sent a raven to find a small piece of earth with which to build up another world. The raven was unable to find one, everything being covered with water. He made an Otter dive down, but the depth of the water prevented its going to the bottom. At last a muskrat descended, and brought back some earth. With this he restored everything to its original condition. He remade the trunks of the trees, and shot arrows against them, which were changed into branches. It would be a long story to recount how he reestablished everything; how he took vengeance on the monsters that had taken his hunters, transforming himself into a thousand kinds of animals to circumvent them. In short, the great Restorer, having married a little muskrat, had children who repeopled the world.

The Gulf Region

THE CHOCTAW

The Choctaw, like the Creek, regarded himself as earthborn. In very ancient times, before man lived, Nane Chaha "HIGH HILL" was formed, from the top of which a passage led down into the caverns of earth from which the Choctaws emerged, scattering to the four points of the compass. With them the grasshoppers also appeared, but their mother, who had stayed behind, was killed by men, so that no more of the insects came forth, and ever after those that remained on earth were known to the Choctaw as "mother dead." The grasshoppers, however, in revenge, persuaded Aba, The Great Spirit, to close the mouth of the cave, and the men who remained therein were transformed into ants.

Once men tried to build a mound reaching to the heavens, but a confusion of tongues ensued, and a great flood came, the Choctaw and animals taken into a boat were saved from the universal deluge.

THE CHEROKEE

The fable of the lion and the mouse, so famous in the childrens' stories has its place in their lore. Another is the tale of the wolf and a bird. A malicious raccoon plastered shut the eyes of a wolf; but while he slept, a bird, taking pity on the wolf, pecked the

plaster from his eyes; and the wolf rewarded the bird by telling him where to find red paint with which he might colour the somber feathers of his breast. This was the origin of the redbird.

The buzzard used to have a fine topknot, of which he was so proud that he refused to eat carrion, and while the other birds were pecking at the body of a deer or other animal, which they had found, he would strut around and say: "You may have it all, it is not good enough for me." They resolved to punish him, and with the help of the buffalo carried out a plot by which the buzzard lost not his topknot alone, but nearly all the other feathers on his head. He lost his pride at the same time, so that he is willing now. to eat carrion.

The Great Plains

THE BLACKFEET

Long ago, according to this story, a maiden, Feather Woman, was loved by the Morning Star. Her people turned against her, but one day as she went to the river for water, she met a young man who proclaimed himself her husband, the Morning Star. She saw in his hair a yellow plume, and in his hand a juniper branch with a spider web hanging from one end. He was tall and straight and his hair was long and shining. His beautiful clothes were of soft-tanned skins, and from them came a fragrance of pine and sweet grass. Morning Star placed the feather in her hair and, giving her the juniper branch with a spider web, directed her to shut her eyes. She held the upper strand of the spider's web in her hand and placed her foot on the lower, and in a moment she was transported to the sky. Morning Star led her to the lodge of his parents, the Sun and the Moon; and there she gave birth to a son, Star Boy (The planet Jupiter). The Moon, her mother-in-law, gave her a root digger, saying, "This may be used only by pure women. You can dig all kinds of roots with it, but I warn you not to dig up the large turnip growing near the home of Spider Man." Curiosity eventually got the better of caution; Feather Woman, with the aid of two cranes, uprooted the forbidden turnip, and found that it covered a window in the sky looking down to the earth she had left. At sight of the camp of her tribesfolk she became sad with home-sickness, and the Sun, her husband's father, decreed that she must be banished from the sky, and be returned to earth. Morning Star led her to the home of Spider Man, whose web had drawn her to the sky, and, with a "Medicine-bonnet" upon her head, and her babe, Star Boy, in her arms, she was lowered in an elk's skin to earth. Here, pining for her husband and the lost sky-land, Feather Woman soon died, having first told her story to her tribesfolk. Her son, Star Boy, grew up in poverty, and, because of a scar upon his face, was named Poia, "Scarface." When he became a young man, he loved a chieftan's daughter; but she refused him because of his scar. Since a medicine-woman told him that this could be removed only by the *Sun God* himself. Poia set

out for the lodge of the solar deity, traveling westward to the Pacific. For three days and three nights he lay on the shore fasting and praying; on the fourth day he beheld a bright trail leading across the water, and following it he came to the lodge of the Sun. In the sky-world Poia killed seven huge birds that had threatened the life of Morning Star, and, as a reward, the Sun not only removed the scar from Poia's face, but also taught him the ritual of the Sun Dance and gave him raven feathers to wear as a sign that he came from the Sun. He also gave him a lover's flute and a song which would win the heart of the maid whom he loved. The Sun then sent him back to earth—by way of the short path, Wolf Trail, the Milky Way—telling him to instruct the Blackfeet in the ritual of the dance. Afterward Poia returned to the sky with the maiden of his choice.

THE PAWNEE

Mankind had not yet been created when Tirawa sent the giant Lightning to explore the earth. In his sack, he bore the tornado, given him by Bright Star, who has command of the elements. Lightning carried the constellations which Morning Star is accustomed to drive before him, and, after making the circuit of the earth, Lightning released the stars, to encamp there in their celestial order. Here they would have remained, but a certain star, called Fool-Coyote, because he deceives the coyotes, which howl at him, thinking him to be the morning star, whom he precedes, was jealous of the power of Bright Star, and he placed upon the earth a wolf, which stole the tornado-sack of Lightning. He released the beings that were in the sack, but these, when they saw that it was the wolf, and not their master Lightning, who had freed them, slew the animal and ever since earth has been the abode of warfare and of death.

Mountain and Desert

THE NAVAJO

There is a world below the world of men as well as a world above. In the world below the people are Ants, very active and gay and fond of the game of lacrosse. On a certain day one of two brothers disappeared; the remaining brother searched far and wide, but could find no trace of him. Now the Ants had stolen him, and had carried him away to the underworld, where he played with them at lacrosse. But one day, as he was in the midst of a game, he began to weep, and the Ants said that some one must have struck him with a lacrosse stick. "No! Nobody struck me," he answered. "I am sorrowful because while I was playing a tear fell on my hand. It was my brother's tear from the upper world to tell that he is searching and weeping." Then the Ants, in pity, sent a messenger to the upper world to tell the bereaved one that his brother was well and happy in the underworld. "How can I see my brother?" he asked. "I must not tell you," replied the Ant. "Go to the Spider, and he may tell you." But the Spider said, "I cannot let you down,

as my thread is too weak. Go to the Crow." The Crow answered, "I will not tell you with my mouth, but I will tell you in a dream." In the vision he was told to lift the stone over the fireplace in his lodge, and there would be the entrance to the lower world. He was to close his eyes, leap downward, and, when he alighted, jump again. Four times he was to leap with closed eyes. The bereaved brother did so, and the fourth jump brought him to the lowest of the worlds, where he was happy with his brother.

THE SHAHAPTIAN

In the primeval age they say, there was a monster in what is now central Idaho whose breath was so powerful that it inhaled the winds, the grass, the trees, and different animals, drawing them to destruction. The Coyote, most powerful being of the time, counselled by the Fox, decided to force an entrance into this horrible creature, and there he found the emaciated people, chill and insensible, their life being slowly drawn out of them. He kindled a fire from the fat in the monster's vitals, revived the victims, and then, with the knives with which he had provided himself, cut their way out into the sunlight. From the different parts of the body of the hideous being he created the tribes of men, last of all making the Shahaptian, the Nez Perce, using the monster's blood mingled with water.

THE SHOSHONE

The Theft of Fire which is in the mythology of all tribes, has the same basic plot, the hero alone being changed. The Shoshoni relate the tale as follows:

A Coyote with the aid of an Eagle gained entrance to the mountain lodge, where the guardians of the crafts kept fire. The Coyote stole a bit of the fire, hiding it under his coat and escaped; but he was pursued and passed the fire to the Eagle, who in turn passed it to a Blackbird and a Rock-Squirrel while a Jack-Rabbit revived the fallen fire Carriers. Thus fire was distributed to all nature.

The Pueblo Dwellers

Most of the tales of the pueblo people are the same as others which I have related; however, one point in South-Western myth is of suggestive interest. In the world below the First People dwelt long in Paradisic happiness; but sin appeared among them, and the angry water drove them forth, the wicked, being imprisoned the nether darkness.

The Pacific Coast, West

Some of the tribes of this sector seem to be much more poetic than their other brothers. A fine example of their poetry is their description of paradise (Olelbis). It seems that once there were three deities who made paradise for good Indians; one was the great Sky Father and the other two were women. Paradise is

described as a wonderful sweat-house in the sky; its pillars are six great oaks; its roof is their intertwining branches, from which fall endless acorns; it is bound above with beautiful flowers, and its four walls are screens of beautiful flowers woven by the two women; "all kinds of flowers that are in the world now were gathered around the foot of that sweat-house, an enormous bank of them; every beautiful color and every sweet odor in the world was there." The sweat-house grew until it became wonderful in size and splendor, the largest and most beautiful thing in the world, placed there to last forever.

The Pacific Coast, North

Totems or Totem Poles have always been a curiosity to students and travellers. Totems are family crests, similar in use to the European coat of arms, and like the European coat of arms they are marks of distinction; but even in the North, where the totemic clan prevails, crests vary among the clan families; thus, the families of the Raven clan of the Stikine tribe of the Tlingit have not only the Raven, but also the Frog and the Beaver, as hereditary crests.

In addition to acquisition by marriage and inheritance, rights to a crest may pass from one family or tribe to another through war; for a warrior who slays a foe is deemed to have acquired the privileges of the slain man's totem; if this be one foreign to the conqueror's tribes, slaves may be called upon to give the proper initiation, which is essential. Thus the rights to certain crests pass from clan to clan and from tribe to tribe, forming the foundation for a kind of intertribal relationship of persons owning like totems. Wars were formerly waged for the acquisition of desired totemic rights, and more than once, the legends tell, bitter conflicts have resulted from the appropriation of a crest by a man who had no demonstrable right to it, for no prerogatives are more jealously guarded in the North-West. Only persons of wealth could acquire the use of crests, for the initiation must be accompanied by feasting and gift-giving at the expense of the initiate and his kindred. On the other hand, the possession of crests is a mark of social importance; hence, they are eagerly sought.

The origin of crests may be traced to mythic ancestors. The crests are chiefly representative of animals; but the animals themselves are not held to be ancestors, but only to have been connected in some significant fashion with the family or clan progenitor; thus, an Eagle chief once appeared at a feast with a necklace of live frogs, and his family forthwith adopted the frogs as a crest. Stories of totems are legion, and merit individual study and interpretation.

Consider the Poor Secretary . . . How She Toils

By Frances Taylor—an alumna

As Mrs. Longwed stands before a formidable stack of dirty dishes which her disapproving eye has endowed with the proportions of the leaning Tower of Pisa and the regenerative powers of the Phoenix—to mention just one of many joyful little tasks recurrent in the routine of home life—she may very well indulge, unless she belongs to a hardy species of homemaker now almost extinct, in meditations of a nature not complimentary to her chosen state in life.

I don't know how the modern psychologists would describe the mental condition of the victim, but on the quiz programs it might be presented thusly: "The chlorophyll content of herbage not in proximity is invariably in greater abundance." (In defense against this verbal barrage, the lucky contestant is supposed to chirp: "Other pastures are always green.") Actually, a diagnosis as simple, garden-variety self-pity should neatly explain the situation. But like as not, the ponderations of Mrs. Longwed will take the form of fancying that she should have followed some other vocation than that of housewife . . . a secretary, for instance.

In her unenlightened naivete, she probably believes the comic-strip and journalistic conceptions of the secretary—a pretty little blonde with red nails, who takes dictation from the throne of the boss's lap, who enjoys two- and three-hour lunch periods for extended shopping tours upon which excursions she falls in love with "adorable" little hat creations and squanders her week's wages therefor, who uses the boss's opera tickets when he has previous engagements, and who, traditionally, is at the same time hated and envied by the boss's wife. Poor thing! I wonder if I should tell her the real truth about secretaries? And in so doing, will I discourage many promising candidates for the secretarial profession from ever embracing it? Never let it be said that I failed to give the world the benefit of my experience.

Suppose I remind Mrs. Longwed that she has only one man whom she must seek to please, while the poor secretary may have one or a dozen, each with his own individual, let us say in a spirit of charity, whimsies? And when one of the twelve wants a letter rewritten for the umptyseenth time like as not he will fail to couch his criticism of the epistle in the gentle terms with which the doting husband calls his loving wife's attention to the fact that the coffee not only looks like tea, but tastes like dish water.

The boss assumes, with the robes of his office, the airs of a prima donna. As soon as he is assigned a private office, he expects all who enter to salaam, or on less solemn occasions, merely to genuflect. He expects his subordinates, as he delights to call his business asso-

ciates, to drop from their vocabularies all negatives, cheerfully agreeing with anything he proposes or produces. But the secret of getting along with him is to allow him to have his own way once in a while, just on general principles, and the remainder of the time allow him merely to think he is having it.

Sometimes I feel certain that one boss must certainly be more trouble than six children. When little Aloysius insists upon having his own way and gets out of hand, he can usually be spanked or sent to bed without supper, but somewhat more subtle methods must be employed where the boss is involved. The secretary, be it understood, must be a scientific compound of magician, international diplomat, and Machiavellian schemer. If the blend is in the right proportions, she will be a success in the business world.

Now, if the diplomatic approach does not subdue the boss, there is another more direct method not, of course, recommended. I have, I believe, the dubious distinction of being one of very few secretaries to have made practical application of this method and to have been retained thereafter on the payroll. I refer to the occasion upon which I hit the boss squarely on the nose. I might add, by way of interest, that the gentleman was no ordinary boss—he was the head of the department, no less. It happened like this.

I was standing beside his desk, turning the pages of a ponderous tome containing minutes of Board of Directors' meetings. As my hand described an arc in the air while turning a page, it slipped and, alas, I struck him smartly across the bridge of the nose with the back of my hand. I laughed, nervously, of course. He didn't laugh. And that was bad. After one of those eternal moments during which he made no gesture to relieve the situation, and I was too frozen to apologize, we resumed our review of the minute book. I'm still on the job, but the incident has left its scar. To this day, every time I am in his presence, I commit some minor crime. I either trip over his waste basket, brush off his ash tray, or address him as Mr. So-and-So when his name is really Mr. Such-and-Such. I don't think I'll be asking him for a raise, at least not in this generation.

Now take the subject of allergies. If little Aloysius is allergic to spinach or carrots or prunes, it's simple. Just give him broccoli instead. But executive allergies are more complex. One of my bosses, for instance, is allergic to commas—another, to personal pronouns—a third, to words of more than two syllables. The latter, incidentally, wouldn't work a crossword puzzle because he maintains it's quicker to use the dictionary and besides, he says, he wouldn't use the new words he'd learn from the puzzle anyway. As a consequence, my epistolary productions must of necessity be classic examples of telegraphic style—simple sentences, devoid of all dependent clauses which might entail the use of an offending comma—and composed of good, Anglo-Saxon words. Some day I'm going to go comma happy,

and, just, indulge, in, a, few, commas, for, the, sheer, joy, of, getting, away, with, it.

I might add that the boss who is comma-shy chooses to close his letters with nothing less than "Truly yours," which always inspires me with an almost irresistible urge to add what, to my mind, would logically follow such a tender conclusion—a few of these: X X X X—not, in this instance, indicative of bonded quality.

Mrs. Longwed could well be reminded also of the fact that she spends her life in the company of the man of her choice—not so the poor secretary. She is condemned to live one-third of her life, computed on an hourly basis, with one or more persons whose natures are either relatively foreign to or utterly incompatible with hers.

I number among my bosses one belonging to the latter class. He is now retired, I am happy to report—and if he had not, I would have. He used to say concerning himself, "I made some good woman happy by not marrying her." This was not only a profound statement; it epitomized his character.

Since his retirement, he has become almost a legendary figure around the Company. He had a habit of reading extensively and assimilating certain ideas which struck his fancy, recasting them into his own phraseology and thereafter quoting them *ad infinitum*. It would have been a physical impossibility for him to talk without copiously utilizing these oft-quoted adaptations, as a consequence of which he will live forever in the memories of all his former associates who are reminded of him every time a situation arises wherein one of these could be applied.

His flair for quoting, however, was not all that endeared him to me. He had other qualifications. If there was anything to spill, drop, brush off, or trip over, he was the man to do it. He was the very soul of inconsistency. He alternately chewed and relit a stogie cigar, the odor from which at the same time polluted the air and discouraged all moths, mosquitoes, or other forms of life. He used to lay the cigar butt down while talking, then walk away and forget it. Some time later he would say, "Miss Taylor, have you seen my cigar?" I'll never know how I resisted the impulse to inform him that his nose should be an infallible guide in its recovery. He allowed himself one clean handkerchief a week—an all-purpose handkerchief which, in addition to the conventional use of that article, served to dust his desk and polish his shoes. And he rubbed his aches and pains with wintergreen liniment which lingered in his clothing like the smoke in salvage from a fire sale.

In spite of the fact that this pixie brought out the very worst in my makeup, he tried so hard to be nice to me. He demonstrated

his friendliness in odd little ways. He used to eat lunch in one of those cheap restaurants upon which railroad men commonly bestow such charming titles as, "The Spotted Vest," or "The Greasy Spoon." On the counter of the restaurant of his choice was a bowl of diminutive pretzels to be partaken of in conjunction with, I presume, drinks. He, however, daily pocketed a half dozen of the pretzels as a peace offering for me. And upon his return to the office, he would triumphantly empty his pocket, without benefit of a wrapper, on the blotter of my desk which was, understandably, not exactly sterile. Then, from among the pretzels he would remove any foreign matter, such as broken rubber bands, lint, paper clips, matches, etc. Being slightly particular concerning what I eat, added to the fact that I deplored the daily waste, I used to store the pretzels, instead of consuming them, beside my typewriter and from time to time feed them to some of the boys who were not quite so fastidious. This procedure went on for months until one day when, in my absence, he was searching for something he disturbed the camouflage which had concealed my cache. With a little tug of the paper, the hoarded pretzels flew all over the floor—and so did his temper. I was never again troubled with the proper disposal of unwanted pretzels.

Such are some of the people and some of the incidents which enliven and brighten the life of a secretary. However, also involved is a suppression of feelings, of will, of personality—the army or convent routine scarcely imposes more restrictions. At the same time, opportunities are legion for the practice of the virtues of patience, forbearance, obedience, and humility, so even being married to a typewriter has its good points.

Having graced the beginning of this article with one platitude concerning the verdant pastures, in the interest of consistency, another in conclusion should have some slight justification. That apologetic cliché designed to shift all responsibility, running thus: "Resemblance to any person living or dead is purely coincidental" is inversely true in the present instance. Resemblances to the living are genuine and drawn with malice aforethought. So, if this travesty on the life of the office boss should fall into enemy hands, I may be exchanging a typewriter for those Pisan stacks of dirty dishes.

Carpino's Alley

By Frances Formanek

My first introduction into Carpino's Alley was one Sunday night four years ago. Knowing no one in the school, and visibly brooding over that fact, I was delighted with the appearance of my room-mate, Elena, and a neighbor from across the hall—Regi. Their homeyness enveloped me.

The following evening, Regi persuaded her sister, Marianne, and room-mate, Alice, also Carpino Alley inmates, to take me to the Hollywood Bowl with them to see and hear the Vatican Choir. That same spirit of friendship prevailed so that I relaxed and talked my "usual head off."

Of course, several times the first week, I relapsed into loneliness because I had no freshman "buddies." But then I met Rita, Mac and Marilyn, who a year later moved into the Alley with me.

By this time, I knew my Alley-mates fairly well—including our librarian, Miss Eileen Carpino, for whom the Alley had been named. Jolly, young, energetic, and interested in the girls, Miss Carpino, after study hour and her stretch in the library were over for the night, had coffee and gabfests in her room.

I remember the morning when my sleep was interrupted by an excited Alice and Marianne who had decided they were going to ask a boy friend of theirs to take me to the next school dance. I had no choice. Alice and Marianne had spoken. It seemed that these two girls were up to their elbows in activities, and when dancetime came around, they took out their private roster of available manpower, collected a small pile of "buffaloes," and then began to pour them into the pay phones. This procedure was so infectious that before we knew it, other Alley-ites, including myself, were helping to run an unofficial date bureau. Of course, you can make temporary enemies that way and it can be a headache, but getting blind dates is fun.

The second year Alice and Marianne advanced to Regi's room, Rita and Mac replaced them and Marilyn and I occupied 226, or was it 227? The door numbers were changed ever so often and we never knew exactly what room we lived in; but, we did so much inter-room visiting that it didn't matter too much.

For awhile, Rita's eager "Who wants to play Canasta?" drove everyone to distraction, but we finally leaped from that rut into a more utilitarian one—that of knitting. In fact, much of our extra-curricular time since then has been spent in the atmosphere of anguished, "Oh! Catherine! I dropped a stitch." St. Catherine of the Alley we call her. It's remarkable how a girl can be so

patient. While our needles click, our tongues follow along on topics ranging from philosophy and prejudices to "Mac, a-hem, may I wear your yellow sweater tomorrow night?" For awhile we advanced beyond the knitting stage and preferred taking walks after dinner. Invariably we'd wind up in the Greek Bowl and take "Lovely Hula Hands" lessons from Marilyn, our little Hawaiian.

We're a very cosmopolitan group—Alley-mates come from Ecuador, Nigeria, Hawaii, the Philippines, Chicago and then some close-to-home-bodies, who live in Alhambra, San Diego, Anaheim and Placentia who play hostess, during various vacations and week-ends.

Every Christmas, birthday and "You-mean-another-year's gone" day, we have a late evening party, which may consist of tuna sandwiches, cold chicken from San Diego or Placentia, cookies, angel food cake and fudge from Alhambra and points south, or just a bag of potato chips and some tomato juice. Occasionally we "subjected" ourselves to such dishes as poi and mango jam.

Each Christmas, for the past three years, different rooms have been in charge of the party and their occupants spent hours in lavish preparation. This year, dressed in our pajamas and robes, we greeted Old Santa herself—"herself" being one of the new Alley-ites, E'Lane.

The newest member of the Alley is my "never-late-for-dinner, just-for-school" roommate, Kelly, who, 'long with Evy, "the worrier," delights in telling us how well-rounded Physical Ed. makes one.

When we run out of food from home and can find a car, we take off for the nearby restaurants with honorary members of our group—namely, that girl from Ireland, half the Russian Choir, and residents of Hawaii. In our journeys we have visited Olvera Street, China Town, Toad Inn, Lawry's, Bit o' Sweden, and other eating places, and our latest was a homecooked meal in far-off Altadena. Naturally, we invite Rita and her two-dollar bills.

Life in the Alley! Everyday, a field day! What could be more typical of life at the Mount?

Alumnae Echoes

FRANCES SHANNON is now Mrs. James R. Joy.

ELIZABETH SHERIDAN was married on December 28, to Mr. Clifford Simpson McCall Jr. Their address is Haleakala Section, Hawaii National Park, Maui, T.H.

MRS. JACK SCANLON (Kathleen Trounce), sends her present address as 5546 Waverly Ave., La Jolla, Calif.

MRS. GEO. GORCIACK (Genevieve de Grood), also thoughtfully sends her change of address. Genevieve now lives at 1947 Logan-side Dr., Los Angeles 47.

For those who may not know it, we are including the home address of our faithful president, Mary Frances McKenna. It is 8004 Gonzaga St., L. A. Her telephone number is Orchard 72696.

Forty six Alumnae names are listed as subscribers to INTER NOS. Where are the others?

JOAN HEROLD, who will be an Alumna when this number of our Quarterly appears, is now Mrs. William V. Hogan. Joan and her husband interrupted the first lap of their wedding trip to call at the college, and left a token from the bride's bouquet on the Blessed Virgin's altar. Joan also remembered us with a letter enroute, telling of the interests and pleasures of the trip. They have bought a home in Hawthorne.

MR. AND MRS. AL. J. ANTCAK (Helen Fitzpatrick) are happy to announce the arrival of Alphonse Joseph Jr., their first son. Little Al has twin sisters a year and a half old.

LT. AND MRS. RAY APPEL (Maureen Trounce) with little Raymond Stephen, aged five months, are living temporarily in Texas, near Brooks Field where Ray is stationed. Their address is 245 Prestwick Blvd., San Antonio.

MR. AND MRS. FRED FIEDLER (Pat O'Neill) announce the birth of a daughter, Patricia Ann.

N.B. If Alumnae members are interested in Alumnae Notes, they may be interested to learn, that the Notes cannot continue unless news items are sent in for publication.

It may be some inspiration to recall that MARY VIRGINIA BRYAN, on the occasion of her receiving her degree from Mount St. Mary's, composed an appreciation of her college and of her teachers. Her father had this printed in the form of attractive little brochures. It is interesting to note that she keeps up an active cooperation with our Alumnae Association, and has contributed to the composition of the follow-letters which the Board sent out, previous to

their annual Benefit Tea. This copy of Inter Nos must go to press before the date of the Tea, so we cannot give you the results. An expression of gratitude is due the President and the Board, with its assistants, for their untiring efforts towards a worthy and most pressing need of the college, presented in these letters.

MOUNT SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE
ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION
12001 Chalon Road
West Los Angeles, California

DEAR ALUMNA:

April 29th is the date of our spring musicale and tea. We will have the pleasure of hearing the Robert Mitchell Boys' Choir in the Little Theatre, and the tea will be served from 2:30 P.M. in the dining room, as well as following the performance.

This year, in addition to our alumnae scholarship, we are starting an Endowment Fund for the benefit of the college. The tea is our only means of raising money for our gifts and we are hoping that with your full cooperation, we will be able to call the day a financial as well as a social success.

Since our campus is one of the most beautiful in Southern California, your guests will enjoy being shown the exquisite grounds and beautiful buildings of our college.

Enclosed are two tickets with additional ones available through your class representatives.

Sincerely,

HELEN PICKETT, *Chairman*

MOUNT SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE
12001 Chalon Road
West Los Angeles, California

April 1, 1951

DEAR ALUMNA:

We're going to miss you on April 29th at the Mount when we have our Annual Spring Tea. But your friends and the Sisters will

be thinking of you and recounting the times when we all were with our classmates high on the hill in Brentwood.

You remember Spring on the Mount when often a soft misty haze hung over the city, making it appear like fairyland spread below. Perhaps every girl who ever attended Mount St. Mary's turned her eyes toward the West and looked over the Pacific wishing for the future—for the days when her years at the Mount would bring her cherished diploma and passport to adult life. Well—for most of us, that future is here.—A future with its daily job to be done—its problems and pleasures—only now, it's the present—a present for which we were fitted at the Mount.

As you no doubt know, each year we give a scholarship to the Mount, and this year we are also planning on initiating an Endowment Fund. AND that brings us back to the matter of the Annual Spring Tea. It is the only means of raising money for our endeavors and we are hoping that even though distance will preclude your being with us, your contribution will insure the success of the day.

Replies may be mailed to—MISS ELIZABETH J. KNIERIEM
4257 WEST 63RD STREET
LOS ANGELES 43, CALIFORNIA

Thanking you in advance, I remain

Sincerely yours

MARY FRANCES MCKENNA
President